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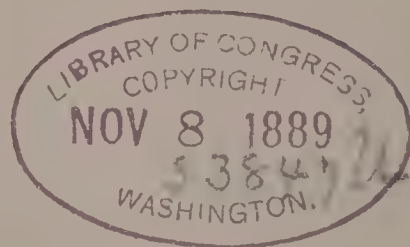
PUBLISHER

FABLES, STORIES

—AND—

DESCRIPTIONS.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, FOR LANGUAGE WORK,
REPRODUCTION EXERCISES AND SUP-
PLEMENTARY READING.



By ANNIE A. WRIGHT.

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INTRODUCTION.

In the good old times, not so far away but that they are within the recollection of many teachers of to-day, language was taught somewhat in this wise. The pupil was well-drilled in diagramming and parsing, in rules, special rules and cautions, and in all else that pertains to technical grammar.

If possessed of sufficient intellectual ability, he mastered the subject and could diagram and parse anything between the covers of the grammar, and, perhaps, his reader, too. So far, so good. The only trouble was,—there it all ended. The time came when he was expected to use this knowledge in the production of correct English.

He had the knowledge,—an ample amount of it, too,—but no one had ever shown him how to bridge the (awful) chasm that lay between it and its application. With horror unspeakable he heard the announcement from the lips of the teacher, “The pupils of the —th grade will write compositions this week. Subject, ‘Spring.’ ” There was no escape. He racked his brain to the verge of distraction from Monday morning till Friday afternoon, and then gave to his teacher the product of the week’s work.

Let us look at it. Where is the result of all his hard study of grammar—the science that teaches us to speak and write the English language correctly? Does it show itself in smoothly flowing periods, elegant diction, and well-chosen figures? Alas for the rules, and the diagrams, and the parsing! In the whole production there are only a few short, stilted sentences, harsh and offensive to the ear, with capital letters misused and punctuation marks ignored,—such a composition as might be writ-

ten by one who had never looked into a grammar. Does the picture seem familiar to you, my fellow teacher? Can you not find in your memory one quite similar to it?

A few years ago, a revolution against this kind of teaching was begun in educational circles; but, like all revolutionists, they who had it in hand carried the matter too far. Because technical grammar did not do all that was required for the pupil in teaching him to "speak and write correctly," it was condemned, and "language work" put in its place.

The old system supplied the foundation and frame work of a goodly structure, but neglected the siding and shingles, lath and plaster: a good beginning, but in itself a very unsatisfactory habitation. The new (?) system furnishes plenty of lath and plaster, siding and shingles, but neither foundation nor framework. Let us combine the two and complete the perfect structure.

When we teach a child arithmetic, we do not give him the rules and principles and expect him, by committing them to memory, to perfect himself in the art of computation. We give him actual practice in the use of figures, day after day, and year after year. Let us, in the same way, give the pupil actual practice in the use of language.

While we must not neglect to develop the power of thinking, and of expressing original thought, the pupil requires a different kind of practice in order to give him any degree of facility in the use of language. While his mind is laboring to its utmost to find something to say, he cannot give much attention to the manner in which he says it; his sentences are liable to be abrupt and more or less ungrammatical, and his style entirely monotonous.

Reproduction work, given in all possible variety, is an essential aid. If rightly used, it may be made to lead from the rules and principles of technical grammar to their application; to that which it should ever be the grand aim of the teacher to develop—the expression of original thought in beautiful, expressive and *correct* language.

Reproduction work is not only an invaluable language exercise, but it aids in the cultivation of the memory, and of the power of attention.

The selection chosen should be read once or twice, slowly and distinctly, by the teacher, with the understanding that the pupil is to re-write without asking questions. He should reproduce the thought as nearly as possible in his own words, though that will naturally follow when sufficient practice has been given.

The teacher, in giving the work, should be governed by the age and ability of the class, and by the amount of time she can spare from her other duties for the correction of the work. For the average class the following method is recommended. At the beginning of the recitation time, read the selection, requiring the pupils to listen attentively without taking note with pen or pencil of any point, date or fact in the article. The remaining portion of the recitation hour should be used in re-writing upon slate or scratch-book—the latter preferred. The program should afford a study hour later in the day, when the selection should be copied on paper with pen and ink. Use paper of uniform size, and insist upon neatness of work. At the end of the study hour collect all the papers and read them, noting the most prominent errors. Hand the papers to the class next day, giving each pupil his own, and read carefully the list of errors. Call for the correction of the mistake, and the reason for it, from the class, and request the one who finds a similar error on his paper to mark it. Use the study time for re-writing the papers, and during the recitation time, on the third day, exchange the papers for a free, good-natured class criticism.

Use this exercise in connection with technical grammar, taking one alternately with the other for perhaps three days at a time. Refer to the grammar for correction of errors in writing, but make no other effort to bring the two in connection. This is their natural relation, and by following out this plan one will supplement the other just as it is intended to do.

The manner of writing the reproduction should be varied to suit the selection. A biographical or historical sketch—any-

thing in which *facts* are given—should be reproduced with strict regard for truthfulness of statement; fables should be followed by an original moral; stories should be so used as to develop the imagination; allegories, to draw out the force and beauty of figurative illustration; all should tend toward the culture of original composition, as well as free, easy, graceful expression.

Vary the exercise by requiring at one time a condensation of the material furnished, by leaving out all not strictly necessary to the outline of the story, and at another an expansion, by bringing in a fuller detail of circumstances.

The transposition of poetry to prose is a most valuable exercise. A few familiar poems have been given with the other work in this book; others may be added without difficulty by the teacher, as they may be needed. Write several stanzas of the poem upon the board, or, if convenient, give the pupils the books containing it. Perhaps the former is the better method; the pupil's attention is then given entirely to the part of it which he is to use at a single lesson. Each lesson should be written at least twice; the first time breaking up the measure and rhyme and restoring the words to their natural order in the sentence. The pupil should then study the thought of the author and express it as far as possible in his own words. Give special attention to figurative expressions.

Show use of figures by requiring the expression of the thought in both plain and figurative language. Encouraging the pupil in the use of figures in his own writing, guarding, of course, against their overuse or the use of faulty figures.

It is impossible that any pupil of average ability can take the course recommended without receiving from it great benefit. Hand-in-hand with the grammar and the rhetoric, let the pupil have this work, and without doubt he will be able in the end to "speak and write the English language correctly."

CINDERELLA.

Cinderella was a very pretty young girl, who lived with her stepmother and two stepsisters. The mother disliked her very much, and the sisters were jealous of her. Among them they made life very unpleasant for the poor girl.

She had no nice dresses, but wore old, ragged clothes, and worked in the kitchen, while her sisters sat in the parlor.

When the prince came home he made a grand party, to which the stepsisters were invited. Cinderella helped them dress, and prepare to go to the party, and, in return for her kindness, they taunted her because she had no fine clothes, and could not go. After they had gone, she went back to the kitchen fire, grieving very much over her sad lot.

Suddenly her fairy god-mother stood before her, and, by the use of her magic wand, made her ready, in a beautiful dress, for the party, and by changing a pumpkin into a coach, rats into horses, and mice into footmen, provided her with equipage and attendants. She then left her, charging her to be sure to leave the palace before the clock struck twelve, for then all her finery would turn to rags.

Everybody wondered who the beautiful stranger could be, and the prince was captivated by her appearance. She was talking with him when the clock began to strike twelve, and, remembering the fairy's warning, she turned

in haste and ran from the room. In her hurry she lost one of her slippers, and when the servants were sent to find out what had become of the beautiful stranger, they found the dainty little shoe, and carried it to their master.

Next day the prince thought he would find the owner by taking it to one and another of the ladies who had been at the ball, until he found one who could wear it. "For surely," he said, "there are not, in all my kingdom, two such pretty pairs of feet." When he came to the home of Cinderella, her sisters tried in vain to put on the slipper. Cinderella, happening to come into the room, exclaimed: "Why, there is my shoe!" and sat down and put it on. She soon after married the prince, and went to live in the palace. She returned good for evil by always being very kind to her sisters.

KING MIDAS.

King Midas loved money better than he did anything else in the world, except his little daughter Marigold. One day, as he was counting over his gold, a stranger appeared before him, and offered to grant him any wish he would make. So Midas wished that everything he touched might turn to gold.

The stranger told him that his desire was granted; that when he should awake in the following morning, he would find himself in possession of the "golden touch."

He was greatly pleased, and amused himself for some time next morning by touching various articles about the room, and watching them turn to gold. But when he went to breakfast it was not so pleasant: the fish, the eggs, the bread and butter—everything turned to gold,

and he at last left the table as hungry as when he went to it. He began to doubt if the "golden touch" was so very desirable after all.

But the worst was yet to come. His little daughter came running to him, and forgetting his fatal power, he laid his hand upon her head, and to his horror she turned to gold in an instant. In his grief he begged that the fatal charm might be removed. The stranger again stood before him, and bade him go and bathe in the river, after which he would be able to restore to their natural condition the things he had changed to gold. He carefully obeyed the directions, and his first exercise of his changed power was in restoring to life his daughter.

With the golden touch he lost his love for gold, and distributed much of his hoarded treasure in charity.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

In a small cottage at the foot of one of the Catskill mountains lived Rip Van Winkle, a descendant of one of the old Dutch families of that region. He was a good-natured fellow, a favorite with every one in the village, especially the children and dogs, but he had a great dislike for every kind of profitable labor. Not for lack of patience and perseverance, for he would sit for hours upon a wet rock, fishing with a long heavy pole, without even the encouragement of a nibble, or trudge all day long over the mountains, with his gun upon his shoulder, for the sake of shooting a few pigeons or squirrels.

In consequence of his idleness and want of thrift, his estate, once a comfortable patrimony, dwindled year by year, and furnished a never-failing theme for the tongue

of his scolding wife. His children were wild and ragged, and his dog, Wolf, was the only friend he had in his own home. Wolf was his companion, not only in the long tramps over the hills, but in the misery at home, for the good dame pronounced them alike in uselessness and shiftlessness.

One day Rip wandered far up the mountain side in search of game, and being tired, threw himself down to rest upon a green knoll overlooking the Hudson. After a time he heard someone call, "Rip Van Winkle!" He started up and looked about him. He could see nothing, but presently heard again the cry, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" Then he saw, coming toward him, a very short, stout man, carrying on his shoulders a keg of liquor. The stranger called to him to help him to carry his burden. He hesitated at first, but finally, prompted by his good nature, he complied, and went to the man's assistance. Together they carried the keg up a ravine until they came to a sort of amphitheater formed by the rocks. Here they found a number of very strangely dressed people playing ten-pins. As they rolled the balls a noise resembling thunder echoed from the surrounding hills.

Rip was very much frightened, but after a while summoned courage to taste of the liquor in the keg he had helped to carry. It was so good that he kept on tasting until his senses left him, and he fell upon the ground asleep.

When he awoke he looked around him in astonishment; he was lying upon the same green knoll that had been his resting place before his strange adventure. "Can I have fallen asleep, and staid out all night? What will my wife say?" he asked himself anxiously. He got

upon his feet after considerable effort, for his joints were stiff, and found, instead of his own bright, well-oiled gun, one that had rusty locks and worm eaten barrel.

His dog, too, had disappeared, and after a weary search for them, he turned his steps homeward. His native village was so changed that he scarcely recognized it; new rows of houses appeared where there were none before, and old ones had disappeared. The children ran after him, hooting and laughing at his strange appearance, and the dogs barked at him. Not a single one of either did he know.

He made his way to the old home, and found it desolate. Only the most persistent inquiries procured any information of the state of affairs, for everyone thought him crazy.

At last he found his daughter, and with her help and that of an old friend or two who still survived, he realized that his nap on the mountain had lasted twenty years; that the Revolutionary War had come and gone, and that he was now a citizen of the United States instead of a subject of King George; that his wife was dead, and that all the changes that might be expected in twenty years time had taken place in the village.

THE LITTLE CLOUD.

A little white cloud said to itself, as it floated lazily along the blue sky, "I can't see any use of my living, I am so little and insignificant. I wish I were a bird—I would sing a sweet song, and make somebody happy with my music. I wish I were a flower—I would delight someone with my beauty. I wish I could be anything that was useful."

It was a warm sunny day; no rain had fallen for a long time; the flowers were drooping, the grass brown and dead, and the little brook was sad and quiet for want of water.

A great many other little clouds floated along after a while, and finally, in the afternoon, they all joined together and made one great, big cloud; the thunder began to roll through it, and the rain fell in a grand shower on the thirsty earth. The flowers raised their drooping heads, the grass grew fresh and green, and the little brook sang and laughed with new life.

As the little cloud saw the result of the shower, it said, "I was all wrong: nothing is too small to be of use in the world."

THE LITTLE BROOK.

A little dancing brook that ought to have been as happy as the day was long, was very discontented and unhappy. As it wound its way in and out among the pebbles, it murmured thus, "How tired I am! I just have to keep up this perpetual running and dashing from stone to stone, and from one side to the other, day after day, and night after night, and all for no purpose, as I can see. If I were only a great river, and could go gliding along so easily and quietly, how happy I should be!"

Other little babbling, chattering brooks joined our murmuring friend, until she began to put on the airs of a fullgrown river, and almost forgot to fret about the hardness of her lot.

"Well," she said to herself, "this is beginning to be something like life. Before long I shall be a graceful,

beautiful river, instead of that noisy, rushing, tiresome thing I used to be." Alas! she had scarcely settled herself down to prepare for the good times coming when she saw, stretched across her course from bank to bank, a horrid wall of logs and stone and mortar.

No way to get around it—the pent-up waters were carried here and there, through long sluices, to fall upon great wheels, and having spent their force in setting in motion all the machinery in immense buildings, gathered themselves together again, and poured over the dam in a noisy waterfall.

Poor little river! Too agitated and angry to speak, she went on her sorrowful journey. Other and larger streams soon joined her, and by the time she had fully recovered from her great surprise, she found herself compelled to bear upon her waters the burdens of many boats, from the great steamer, that churned, with its wheels, the placid water into foam, to the fairy skiff that seemed scarcely to touch the waters.

Again she complained, "Oh! why was I not happy when I was so free from care; when I had nothing to do but dance and sing all the livelong day. Then I sighed to be a great river; now, if I could only be a little brook again, how happy I should be."

But a better feeling after a while came over her, and she began to be more contented. She was now a mighty river, and carried on her broad bosom the wealth of a nation. As she looked over the fair meadows, stretching away in the distance on one side, and on the bright fields of grain, waving in the sunlight on the other, she again said to herself, "I now see that it is all right! The little brook should be glad and bright, free from care, and singing all the day long; as it grows in strength it should

grow in usefulness; so it must turn the wheels and spindles of the factory. When it becomes a great river, instead of gliding selfishly alone on its course to the sea, it must bear upon its tide the commerce of the country. I have learned to be content."

THE MOON AND STARS.

When the sun had gone down after his first day's journey through the heavens, the little glimmering stars came peeping out one by one, shining with joy at finding themselves surrounded by so many twinkling points of light, and each wondering if she herself was as beautiful as her neighbors.

Their attention was finally attracted by a slender crescent of light, hanging just above the horizon in the west. All in an instant were wondering what it could be. One very bright star had just been looking at her reflection in the water, and had thus learned that she was the most beautiful object in the heavens.

Like most beautiful persons, she considered herself at liberty to put on airs; so she began to talk to her nearest neighbor about the folly and impudence shown by such an insignificant object presuming to intrude herself among her betters. All the others followed in her lead, and soon from all parts of the heavens could be heard the indignant echoes.

The poor little new moon heard in painful silence, and, after seeming to pause a moment, as if to ask for pity and sympathy, she hid herself behind the horizon. The triumphant stars, thinking they had banished the unsightly object, spent the night in congratulations, and in admiring each other's—and their own—beauty.

The rising sun dimmed their glory and hid them from sight till he had finished his course and disappeared.

Again came the stars, bright and sparkling as before, and pleasant greetings were interchanged before they noticed that the slender crescent they thought was gone forever again hung over the western horizon. Speechless, with indignation, all stopped to gaze upon her. Yes, there she was, and—surely there could be no doubt—she was a little higher up in the heavens, a little larger, and a little brighter than on the preceding night.

Again she seemed to retreat and hide from their scorn, and again they sang their triumphant songs.

But the next night she was there again, and, as several nights went by, a feeling of uneasiness began to prevail among the stars. It could not be denied that their neighbor, formerly so humble and insignificant, was each night taking a higher position in the heavens, and, at the same time, growing brighter and more beautiful. She was also losing her timidity and modesty, and becoming proud and vain.

As she looked in the water, night after night, at the reflection of herself, she noticed with great joy that she was losing her awkward crescent form and growing round and full, and then, that she was becoming so bright that her scornful rivals were almost lost in her greater glory.

She began to be very ambitious, and when she rose one evening, just as the sun was going down, she said to herself, after looking at the reflection of her perfect form in the ocean, "I am now brighter than all the stars put together; I shall probably keep on growing till I cover the whole sky, and even the sun himself cannot shine." The next night, though she was very anxious to see how much she had grown, she was a little late, coming up

above the eastern horizon some minutes after the sun had gone down, and, try hard as she might, she could not see that she was a bit larger than before; indeed—though surely she must be mistaken—it seemed as if one side was not quite as perfect as it had been the night before.

The stars had long ago given up the field to their rival, and only a few were able to show themselves at all. The following night the moon, though she hurried all she could, was still later in rising; there was no mistake—she was losing her beautiful shape, and not gaining either in size or brilliancy. The keen-eyed stars soon noticed her misfortune, but trouble had made them kind, so they tried to comfort her in her grief.

Just as she had gained in beauty before, she now lost, until there was left only the slender crescent the stars had thought so unsightly.

At last there came a night in which there was no moon. The stars were sad, as if they had lost a friend, and spent the night in utter silence. Great was the joy throughout the heavens when, on the following night, there was seen a new moon—their old friend came back again. They welcomed her with shouts of joy, and since then there has been harmony in the celestial spheres.

A LAZY BOY'S LESSON.

Harry was a little boy, who, if not lazy, certainly did not at all love to work. One day his mother gave him a basket of peas to shell for dinner. He growled and grumbled as much as he dared to about it, but finally took the basket, seated himself upon a grassy bank in the cool, shady orchard, and began his task.

He thought there was no reason why he should hurry himself very much, so he proceeded very leisurely, all the while thinking how hard it was that he was obliged to work at all. "I wish I were a bird, or a bee—anything else than the poor slave that I am."

As he finished his sentence, he looked up, and there stood before him a tiny old woman, with the funniest dress and cap that Harry had ever seen. "Come with me, my boy," she said, in a very sprightly tone for one as old as she, "I want to show you something."

Harry did not want to go, but he could not resist; so off he went, obliged to walk at his best pace to keep up with his brisk little guide. They stopped at last where some birds were busy building a nest. Very strangely, Harry found himself able to talk with and understand them. "Come pretty bird," said he, "I want to hear you sing. Tell me what your nest is made of, and how many eggs are in it." "I cannot stop to visit with you," said the bird, "I am far too busy." "What! You do not have to work, do you? I thought you had nothing to do all day long but sing and play." "O," said the birdie, "We have the nest to build, then the eggs to take care of, and after awhile the little ones will have to be fed and cared for. We are always very, very busy."

"Come on," said the little old woman, and away they went, stopping again beside an ant-hill, where thousands of tiny ants were rushing around in what seemed to Harry a very distracted way. "See here, little ant, stop a minute, and tell me what you are doing, and what you have inside your funny house."

"Oh! I can not stop to talk. We have so much to do to prepare for the long, cold winter, and we are all working as hard as we can."

"Come on," said his brisk little guide, and they soon found themselves looking at the bees going in and coming out of their hive. "I want to see you a minute, little bee," said Harry, "I want to ask you how you make the pretty comb, and the honey, and all—" "I am sorry," interrupted the bee, very politely, "but I really can not take the time to answer your questions. You see, we have so much honey to make, and flowers are so scarce—so good day,—" and the bee was out of sight before she had finished her sentence.

Harry began to have an idea that he, too, ought to have something to do, if he meant to live in this busy world; but just then somebody shook him and he awoke from his strange dream to find it dinner time, and no peas shelled. But he had learned a lesson, and hereafter it did not seem so hard to be obliged to work, for he knew he had plenty of company.

THE LITTLE DROP OF WATER.

A happy little drop of water had its home for a long time in a pretty lake. With its companions, it led a merry life, dancing and laughing in the sunshine, now on the crest of one white-capped wave and now on another, and when the storm-clouds gathered and the winds lashed the waters into foam, its glee knew no bounds.

One day there passed over the bosom of the lake a warm south wind. The little drop rose on the crest of a wave to meet it, when the wind suddenly caught it up and carried it into the air. It was, at first, too frightened and dizzy to think, but it soon recovered from the effects

of its sudden elevation, and, growing accustomed to sailing along at a great height, regained its spirits and was as happy as before.

“How nice this is!” it exclaimed gaily. “It is such a change, and so much nicer than living in the lake. And how I have grown! It seems to me that I am a hundred times as big as I used to be, and yet I am so light that I could not fall to the ground if I tried.” After awhile, our airy traveler met a cool breeze from the north. It began to shiver and grow smaller, until it was no larger than it had been in the lake, and soon, to its astonishment, it felt itself falling, falling through the air until it reached the ground.

It fell, with a whole host of companions, right into a muddy puddle, and our poor little friend, that had never seen any dirt since it could remember, was all soiled in an instant. But it hadn’t time to complain, for just at that minute the puddle overflowed, and it was carried by a tiny stream to meet the larger one just beyond the hill. This in turn carried it to one still larger, until in time the little drop found itself part of a great river. This was better—it was not clean yet, but it was nicer than the puddle, and it went back to its singing and dancing almost as gayly as before.

For many days it went on and on with the current, until one morning the beams of the rising sun found it enjoying an unusual, but, someway, very familiar feeling of restfulness. It looked around to find the reason, and, behold! it was back in its own old home—the lake. Very happy was the little drop, and it said to itself gently, “I am going down to the bottom of the lake to take a long, long rest, for I am so tired.”

THE FOOLISH MOUSE.

"Mother," said one of a very happy family of little mice, "I am tired of living in this nest. Why can't I go out into the world and see some of the wonderful things you tell about?" "My dear," said the mother, "You are not yet able to take care of yourself. You must learn something of the ways of this wicked world before you can go out into it, without danger of losing your life."

But the little mouse was not satisfied. "I cannot see what there is to be afraid of," he went on. "I am sure if danger came that I could get out of the way as well as you, or better, for I am younger and more active than you. Besides," he continued, artfully, "it does not look well for a great big mouse like me to depend upon his mother for a living. Let my brothers and sisters do it if they wish, but *I* shall look out for myself in the future." "You must not think of such a thing!" exclaimed the mother anxiously. "I have not the time to do it now, for I must see about getting some supper, but to-morrow I will tell you about these dangers and how to avoid them. But to-night, do you stay safely at home. I will try to bring you a nice piece of cheese for supper."

But the willful little mouse had resolved to take the matter into his own hands; he was going to be dependent upon his mother no longer. So, as soon as she was out of sight, he followed, and easily found the way through a tiny hole in a dark corner into the pantry. Here he looked around in astonishment. "See that monstrous cheese!" he said to himself. "Mother never brought us more than tiny bits at a time. I never knew she was so selfish. And see the pie and cake, the bread and butter, and more nice things than I ever heard of before. Won't

I live like a prince, though! Well, well! here is a little house, with bits of cheese in it, all prepared for supper. Who says people are not kind to little mice? I'll go in and rest awhile and eat my supper." But, alas! as he went in, the door clicked, shut behind him, and he could not get it open. He forgot about being tired and hungry, and cried with all his might for his mother to come and help him out.

"There's a mouse in the trap. Call the cat," exclaimed some one, and as the poor mousie felt the sharp claws and sharper teeth of the old cat settle themselves into his poor little body, he cried with his last breath, "Oh, that I had obeyed my mother!"

THE LITTLE FLY.

A little fly made its first appearance in this world early one summer morning. Flies do not have to be at first little flies, then bigger flies, and at last great big flies—do not have to go through the tedious process of *growing up*, as boys and girls do, but are full-grown when they come out of their previous state of existence.

Let us listen to him as he looks about him for the first time.

"Well, this is a bright, beautiful world, sure enough! What nice times I shall have—nothing to do all day long but play and eat. Surely, I shall be able to find plenty of food. By the way, I am hungry now. Seems to me, I smell something good off in this direction. At least, I'll go to see," and away he went towards the breakfast table. "Yes, here is some sugar—I'll begin with that.

But what makes them "*shoo*" me away before I have had half a mouthful? I'd not be so stingy with a great bowl of sugar, for the world. I'm thirsty now, and here's a pitcher of cream. I'll take a drink. Oh!"—he had lost his footing and fallen into the cream, and had to be fished out on the end of a spoon. "What an adventure that was! I thought I should certainly drown. What a quantity of cream does stick to my feet; I shall have to stop and clean them off, and at this rate I shall never get my breakfast. What a nice-looking old gentleman that is. I'll tickle his nose, just to show him I like him. Well! who would have thought it would make him so angry? If I had not hurried away I really believe he would have killed me. There is a gentleman with a bald head. What a lovely place to play! I'll go and run around over it awhile, and finish my breakfast afterwards. Dear, dear! How can such great big people be so much afraid of a poor little fly! He has actually put his handkerchief over his head, so that I cannot go back. It is too bad; it was such fun!

"There's a boy! He will like me, and play with me, and give me something to eat, for he is not cross like those great men."

But the poor fly was cruelly disappointed; the boy caught him, pulled off his legs and wings, and tortured him to death. As he was about to die, the fly said, "I thought this world was so nice, and that I should have such a happy life, but I have had nothing but trouble. Though it seems so large, there is not room in it for one poor little fly to live its short life, without being persecuted and tortured to death."

THE HARE AND THE HEDGEHOG.

A hedgehog going out before breakfast one bright sunny morning to look after his turnip patch, met his neighbor, the hare, who had come out to see to his cabbages.

After some general conversation, the hare, who did not love his neighbor as he should have done, became quite personal in his remarks, and spoke in a very slighting manner of the hedgehog's short legs, ungraceful appearance, and awkward movements. Now the hedgehog was exceedingly proud of his form, and becoming angry at this unprovoked attack, he resolved to punish the hare severely. Accordingly, he challenged him to run a race with him; the hare accepted, and time and place were soon appointed—the former, an hour after breakfast, and the latter, the furrows of an adjoining field. These preliminaries being arranged, the hedgehog went home, and told his wife what he had done. She, in astonishment, began to reproach him for his folly, when he silenced her by reminding her that a man's business should be attended to by a man, not by a woman.

He then proceeded to give her certain instructions as to how she was to aid him in winning the race. All she had to do was to go to the other end of the field, lie down in the furrow, and when she saw the hare coming, to rise and say, "Here I am, waiting for you."

All was ready when the hare made his appearance; the contestants placed themselves in their respective furrows, and the signal was given for starting. Away went the hare, like a flash of lightning, while the hedgehog contented himself with taking a few steps, then laid himself down in the furrow to await the return of the hare.

As the hare reached the end of the furrow, the hedgehog's wife, who very closely resembles her husband, rose and said, "Here I am, waiting for you." The hare was breathless with astonishment, and after recovering sufficiently to speak, said, "There must be some mistake! Let us try it again" "Agreed," said Mrs. Hedgehog, and away went the hare at the top of his speed. When he arrived at the end, the hedgehog quietly rose from the furrow, and said, "Here I am, waiting for you." This was too much! The poor hare lost all presence of mind, and demanded trial after trial, only to find himself defeated each time, until at last, completely exhausted, he stretched himself in the furrow to die, leaving the hedgehog not only victorious in the contest but exultant over the death of his life-long enemy.

THE CRAB AND HIS MOTHER.

A crab one day said to her son, "My dear, why do you not learn to walk more gracefully? Your appearance is very awkward indeed." "I shall be glad to learn how, mamma. for I am sure I do not wish to be awkward," said the son. "Will you please show me how to walk, that I may imitate you, and become graceful?" The lady crab accordingly put on an air of great dignity, and commenced her instruction. She started to walk, but was immediately reminded by her son that she was veering to the right, again she tried, but this time turned toward the left. After several ineffectual efforts to keep in a straight line, she was obliged to admit that her son's awkwardness was gained by direct inheritance, and that her attempt to teach others to do what she could not do herself was an entire failure.

THE GOLDEN EGGS.

A woman once had a hen that laid for her each day a golden egg. The woman was at first delighted with her good fortune, but after a while became dissatisfied because she could not have them all at once, instead of waiting for one to be given her each day. She thought the hen must have concealed within her body a mass of gold from which the eggs were produced. Accordingly, she had her killed, that she might obtain it all at one time, but she found her in no way different from other hens. Thus she lost not only the imaginary mass of gold, but the daily golden egg which had never failed to be laid for her.

THE CAT AND THE MICE.

The mice in an old country mansion had long held undisputed sway over the treasures in pantry, cellar and store-room. The sweetest cream, the choicest bits of cheese, and other like dainties, seemed to them to have been prepared, and left in convenient places, especially for their use. No danger attended their most daring depredations; the slow steps of the cook gave warning of her appearance in time for them to whisk around a corner and out of sight before she caught a glimpse of as much as the ends of their tails.

But her wrath was roused to an unwonted degree, one day, by the disappearance of an unusually nice lunch she had put away expressly for her own table. She went to the master, and informed him that she could endure it no longer: either the mice or she must leave the premises.

Her master, alarmed at the thought of losing his faithful cook, procured at once a cat that was warranted to be an excellent mouser. Great consternation was immediately created among the mice. One of their number fell the first day, a victim to the sharp teeth and claws of the enemy. The soft steps of the cat gave no warning of her approach, and not a single meal could they enjoy without fear of her suddenly pouncing upon them.

A council was called to determine upon some measure of safety. Many plans were proposed and rejected. At last, one seemed to meet with general approval. It was this: a small bell was to be purchased, and tied upon the neck of the cat. This would tell them of her coming in time for them to be up and out of the way before she could possibly harm them. Greatly rejoiced to have found so easy and safe a remedy for their serious trouble, they proceeded to the details of the plan. The price to be paid for the bell was decided upon, and a committee appointed to purchase it; all went smoothly until someone asked who was to fasten the bell upon the cat. Sudden silence fell upon the council. Those who had been loudest in proposing and urging plans stole silently away, lest they might be called upon to perform the dangerous task; and the council, deprived of its leaders, resolved itself into solitary members, fleeing sadly and silently before a just retribution. "Those who are loudest in council are often the first to flee from danger."

THE GREEDY DOG.

A hungry dog had had the good fortune to find a bone with a fair portion of meat upon it, and was hasten-

ing home that he might enjoy in peace and quiet his long deferred meal.

As he crossed the bridge over the brook, he saw his own reflection in the water below. He supposed it to be another dog that had been equally fortunate in securing his dinner, and stopping, he said to himself, "If I had that bone as well as my own, I should be sure of at least three good meals. The other dog does not see me; if I jump upon him suddenly, he will drop the bone, and I can make off with both." His plan seemed so sure of success that he immediately proceeded to put it in execution.

But alas! as he sprang into the water and opened his mouth to seize the imaginary bone, his own was carried away by the swift current, and after a vain search he was obliged to swim ashore without either, a hungrier and sadder, if not a wiser dog than before he risked the substance for the shadow.

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

A crow that had been looking for some hours for water, with which to quench its thirst, found at last a pitcher that had a little in it, but it was so far from the top that, try as it might, it could not reach it. It stretched its neck to its utmost extent, but not one drop could it get.

Too thirsty to give up easily, it set its wits to work to devise some means to get at the water. Seeing at length some small stones lying near by, it took them, one by one, on its back, dropped them into the pitcher, and thus brought the water within its reach. "Necessity is the mother of invention."

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

A hare was once ridiculing a tortoise in a very unfriendly manner, on account of his ungraceful person, and slow, awkward movements. The tortoise bore it uncomplainingly for a time, but, roused at last to indignation, he challenged the hare to run a race with him. The hare laughed still more loudly, but for the sake of the heavy wager, accepted the challenge.

The day appointed for the race was very warm and sultry, and the hare, sure of winning, stretched himself out for a nap, thinking he could start almost at the last minute and yet reach the goal first.

The tortoise plodded along, surely and steadily though slowly, and reached the end, winning the race, while the hare was yet sleeping.

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

A wolf, while eating his dinner, attempted to swallow a bone that proved too large for his throat, and stuck fast in it. He called to a neighboring crane to come and extract it for him, promising her a large reward if she succeeded in getting it out. The crane, by reason of her long neck, found no difficulty in taking out the bone, but when she claimed the promised reward, the wolf laughed at her. "Why," said he, showing his teeth, "is it not reward enough that you have been permitted to draw your head safely from between the jaws of the wolf?"

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

A fox, seeing a beautiful bunch of grapes hanging on a vine a little above his reach, tried, by jumping with all his strength, to get it. After making many vain attempts, he gave it up, exclaiming, "What do I care for them! The grapes are sour, and I would not have them if they were within my reach." We affect to despise many things simply because we are not able to obtain them.

THE TORTOISE AND THE EAGLE.

A tortoise, admiring the ease with which the eagle soared through the air, earnestly begged that he would teach her to fly.

The eagle told her that it was impossible, that she asked a thing contrary to her nature, but she was not to be convinced or persuaded from her purpose.

Wearied at last by her importunity, the eagle seized her in his talons, carried her high in the air, and released her that she might try her skill in flying to the ground. As she might have known would be the case, she fell upon the stones and was dashed in pieces.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

As a lion was sleeping, one day, a mouse ran over his face and awakened him. Very angry at having his slumbers disturbed, the lion caught the mouse and was about to kill him, when he began to beg piteously for his life, promising that, if spared, he would be sure to repay the

kindness. The lion laughed at him, but released him uninjured.

Sometime afterwards the lion was caught by the hunters, and bound with strong ropes that he might not escape. He roared for help; the little mouse, hearing him, came to his assistance and set him free by gnawing in pieces the ropes that bound him.

He then said to the lion, "You once laughed at the idea of my being able to help you, but now you know it is possible for a mouse to confer a benefit upon a lion."

THE SICK LION.

A lion being unable, because of old age, to obtain food by force, resolved to obtain it by stratagem.

He went to his den, and, lying down, pretended to be sick. The other beasts, hearing of his sickness, came to see him, one by one, and the lion devoured them. After many of them had disappeared, in this way, the fox came, and standing on the outside of the den, at a respectful distance, asked him how he did. "Not very well," said the lion, "but why do you stand outside? Come in and talk with me." "No, thank you," replied the fox, "I see many footprints entering your den, but none coming out."

He is wise who is warned by the misfortunes of others.

THE FROGS AND THEIR KING.

The frogs were much grieved because they had no ruler, and besought Jupiter to send them a king. He was much surprised at their simplicity, and cast down a

huge log into the lake. They were at first much terrified and hid themselves in the bottom of the pool; but, after finding that it continued motionless, they came nearer to it, dismissed their fears, and, finally, despised it so much that they climbed up and sat upon it.

They then sent a second deputation, asking him to send them a king that would not be so idle and lifeless. He sent them an eel, but he was far too good natured for them, and they sent a third time.

Jupiter, displeased at their complaints, sent a heron, which preyed upon the frogs day after day until there were none left in the pool.

FOX AND HIS TAIL.

A fox once had the misfortune to lose his tail in a trap. His life became a burden to him because of the ridicule to which he was exposed, and he resolved to have some one else share in his misery.

He thought that if he could only bring the other foxes into a condition like his own, he would cease to be so conspicuous because of his misfortune. Accordingly, he called together all the foxes of his acquaintance and addressed them thus: "You do not know how great a convenience it is to have no tail; you are much better looking, and at the same time do not have to carry about such a useless weight. If I were you, I should have them cut off instantly."

One of the listening foxes interrupted him, saying, "If you had not lost your own tail, my friend, you would not thus counsel us."

THE MILKMAID AND HER PAIL.

A milk-maid was carrying her pail full of milk from the field to the house, talking to herself as she went. "The money for which this milk will be sold will buy at least three hundred eggs. The eggs, allowing for all mishaps, will produce two hundred and fifty chickens. The chickens will be ready for the market at the time when poultry will bring the highest price, so that, by the end of the year, I shall have money enough from my share of the proceeds to buy a new gown. Let me see; what shall the color be? Green? Yes, green suits my complexion best, and green it shall be. In it I shall go to the Christmas dance, and all the young men will want me for a partner. But I shall toss my head and refuse every one of them." At this moment she tossed her head as she intended doing in refusing the young men, when, alas! down came the pail, and, with it, all her fine plans.

THE MILLER AND HIS DONKEY.

A miller and his son were driving their donkey to a neighboring town to sell him. Soon after they started they met with a troop of women collected round a well, laughing and talking. "Look there," cried one of them, "did you ever see such fellows, to be trudging along on foot when they might as well ride?"

The old man hearing this, quickly put his son on the donkey, and continued himself to walk along contentedly by his side. Presently they met a group of old men who seemed to be debating very earnestly. "There," said one of them, "it proves what I was saying: What respect is

shown to old age in these days? Do you see that idle lad riding, while his poor old father has to walk? Get down, you young scape-grace, and let the old man rest his weary limbs." Upon this the old man made his son dismount, and got up himself. In this manner they had not proceeded far when they met a company of women and children. "Why, you lazy old fellow," cried several tongues at once, "how can you ride while that poor little tired boy can hardly keep pace by your side?" The good-natured miller immediately took his son up behind him on the donkey. They had now almost reached the town.

"Pray, honest friend," said a citizen, "is that donkey your own?" "Yes," said the old man. "One would not think so by the way you load him. Why, you two are better able to carry him than he you." "Anything to please you;" said the old man, "we will at least try."

So, getting off, he and his son tied the legs of the poor donkey together, and by the help of a pole endeavored to carry him on their shoulders over the bridge near the town. The people came in crowds to laugh; the donkey became frightened, broke the cords that bound him, and tumbling off the pole, fell into the river and was drowned.

The old man, vexed and exhausted, made the best of his way home again, convinced that by trying to please everybody he had pleased no one, and lost his donkey into the bargain.

MAN AND HIS ATTRIBUTES.

A horse, an ox, and a dog, driven to great straits by the cold, sought the protection of a man. He received them kindly, lighted a fire, and warmed them. He gave

plenty of oats to the horse, hay to the ox, and meat from his own table to the dog. Grateful for these favors, they determined to repay him to the best of their ability.

For this purpose they divided the term of his life among them, and each endowed one portion of it with the qualities which chiefly characterized himself.

The horse chose his earliest years, and endowed them with his own attributes; hence, man is in his youth impetuous, headstrong, and obstinate in maintaining his own opinion.

The ox took the next term of his life; man is, therefore, in middle life fond of work, devoted to labor, resolute to amass wealth and husband his resources.

The end of life was reserved for the dog, wherefore, the old man is often snappish, irritable, hard to please, selfish, tolerant to his own household, but averse to strangers, and to all who do not contribute to his comfort.

THE LARK AND HER FAMILY.

A lark had made her nest in the early spring on the young green wheat. The brood had almost grown to their proper strength, gained the use of their wings, and arrived at the full plumage of their feathers, when the owner of the field, looking at his crop, now fully ripe, said, "The time is come when I must send for my neighbors to help me with my harvest." One of the young larks heard his speech, and hurried to repeat it to his mother, asking her at the same time to what place they could remove for safety. There is no occasion to move yet, my dear," said the mother; "the man who only sends for his friends to help him with his harvest, is not really in earnest."

The owner of the field came again a few days later, and saw the grain falling from the wheat from excess of ripeness, and said, "I will come myself to-morrow, with as many reapers as I can hire, and will get in the harvest."

The lark, on hearing these words, said to her family, "It is time now, my little ones, for us to be off; the man is in earnest this time, for he no longer trusts to his friends, but will reap the field himself."

THE TWO MICE.

A country mouse once invited a town mouse, a particular friend, to pay him a visit and partake of his country fare. As they ran about the bare fields, eating wheat-stalks and roots pulled from the hedge-row, the town-mouse said to his friend, "You live here the life of the ants, while in my house is the horn of plenty. I am surrounded with every luxury, and if you will come with me, as I much wish you would, you shall have an ample share of my dainties."

The country mouse was easily persuaded, and returned to town with his friend.

On his arrival the town mouse placed before him bread, barley, beans, dried figs, honey, raisins, and, last of all, brought a dainty bit of cheese from a basket. The country mouse, being much delighted at the sight of such good cheer, expressed his satisfaction in warm terms, and lamented his own hard lot. Just as they were beginning to eat, someone opened the door, and they both ran off as fast as they could to a hole so narrow that they could scarcely get in out of sight. They had hardly again begun their repast, when someone else came in, and again

they had to run for their lives. At last the country mouse, almost famished, said to his friend, "Although you have prepared for me so dainty a feast, I must leave you to enjoy it by yourself. It is surrounded by too many dangers to suit me. I prefer the bare fields and hedgerow, so that I can live in safety and without fear."

THE HORSE AND THE LION.

A lion seeing a nice fat horse, was very anxious to have a piece of him for his supper, but did not know just how to get him into his power. At last he thought of this plan: He gave out that he was a physician, who, having gained experience in foreign lands by study and practice, had made himself capable of curing any sort of disease to which animals were subject, hoping by this strategem to get an easier admittance among cattle, and thus find an opportunity to execute his design.

The horse suspected his design, and resolved to be even with him, so he prayed the lion to give him his advice in relation to a thorn he had got into his foot, which had quite lamed him, and gave him great pain. The lion readily agreed, and desired that he might see the foot, upon which the horse extended one of his hind feet, and when the lion was pretending to be most intent upon his examination of the injured member, the horse gave him a tremendous kick in the face which stunned him and left him sprawling upon the ground. In the meantime, the horse ran away, greatly pleased at the success of the trick by which he had outwitted his enemy.

THE NORTHWIND AND THE SUN.

The north wind and the sun once laid a wager as to which could the sooner induce a traveller to lay aside his cloak. The north wind first tried his skill. He tugged and tore, he stormed and beat, but all to no purpose; the traveller only folded his cloak the more closely about him. Then the sun took his term. He wrapped the traveller about with his gentle rays, and shone more and more brightly, and with greater heat, until the man was glad to lay aside his cloak and continue his journey without it. More can be accomplished, usually, by kind words and gentle manners than by storm and bluster.

THE TROJAN WAR.

Venus promised Paris, the son of Priam, king of Troy, that if he would pronounce her to be the most beautiful of the goddesses, he should have for his wife Helen, wife of the king of Sparta, who was the handsomest woman in the world. Paris agreed to the terms, and going to Sparta, carried Helen off to Troy.

The king of Sparta called upon the other Grecian states to aid him in his revenge. Accordingly, one hundred thousand men, under Agamemnon and Achilles, crossed the sea and besieged Troy.

The city was defended by massive walls and by brave men, and the siege lasted ten years. It was finally taken by stratagem.

The Greeks feigned to give up the siege, and began to prepare as if for departure, but asked of the Trojans

that they might be allowed, before going, to present an offering to the goddess Minerva.

Permission was given, and they drew to the gates of the city a huge wooden horse, which was taken by the Trojans to the temple of Minerva. Some of the Greek warriors were concealed in the wooden horse, and as soon as it grew dark they crept out and opened the gates of the city for the whole army to come in.

The city was destroyed, and most of the Trojans killed.

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

Damocles was a frequent visitor at the court of Dionysius, the tyrant or ruler of Syracuse. He said to Dionysius one day, "How happy you must be in the midst of all this luxury!"

The tyrant invited him to a banquet the next day, that he might experience for himself the happiness that wealth and power can give. Damocles came, and surrounded by everything that could please the eye or add to the comfort of the body, he sat down to a table spread bountifully with everything the appetite could crave. As he ate, he meditated upon the extreme happiness all these things must confer upon him to whom they belonged, when happening to cast his eyes toward the ceiling, he saw suspended above his head by a single hair, a glittering sword.

All his pleasure was gone; his appetite had fled, and not one of the beautiful things in the room had any charm for him. He had no thought for anything but that dreadful sword, that moved as he moved, keeping itself

suspended over his head, and that might at any moment fall upon him and kill him.

Unable to endure it longer, he begged to be excused from the table. The tyrant, enjoying his confusion, dismissed him, saying, "Now you see how happy are the kings and rulers whom you have been wont to envy."

THE DONKEY AND HIS LOAD.

Two donkeys, one loaded with salt and the other with wool, came at the same time to the bank of a wide stream. Each complained of the heat of the day, and the weight of his burden. After resting a moment, the one that was loaded with the salt proposed to the other that, instead of going over the bridge, they should ford the stream, and thus bathe and cool their weary limbs. "All right," said the other, "provided you go first, and see how deep it is." So in he plunged; the cool water was delightfully refreshing, and the salt, dissolving, soon found its way down stream, thus lightening his load until he scarcely felt the burden.

He called out encouragingly to the other, telling him how it had improved his condition, and urged him to follow immediately. The poor donkey started, but the wool grew heavier and heavier, till burden, man and donkey sank to rise no more.

THE DRAGON'S TEETH.

Cadmus, after searching many years for his sister, who had been mysteriously carried away, at last became convinced that further search was useless. His father, the

king, had forbidden him to return without her, so he consulted the oracle at Delphi as to what he should do next. The oracle said, "Follow the cow." Poor Cadmus thought the oracle was making sport of him, and was wandering off disconsolately, when he saw a brindle cow in the path before him. Something prompted him to follow her, and he was soon joined by other people who seemed to be under the same mysterious influence.

As they went, they planned to build a city and make Cadmus their king, but when the cow stopped and they were about to commence their preparations, they were attacked by a large dragon, and all slain except Cadmus. He had a terrific struggle with the dragon, and finally killed it. The oracle then told him to sow its teeth in the field near by.

He did so, and there sprang from the ground a whole host of armed men, who, as soon as they were fully out of the ground, were about to rush upon him with their swords. He threw a stone at the one nearest him, it glanced and struck the next, who thought his neighbor had thrown it. In a few minutes all were engaged in mortal combat, and all were slain except five. These Cadmus ordered to lay down their swords, and proceed at once to build a house for him.

They obeyed, and in a very short time he had a white marble palace, in which he spent the remainder of his life.

SLAYING THE MINOTAUR.

After a war between Athens and Crete, peace was granted by Minas, king of Crete, upon condition that each year seven young men, and as many maidens, should be sent from Athens to Crete, to be devoured by the

Minotaur, a frightful monster that was kept by the king for this and similar purposes. For three years this frightful tribute had been paid, and the time had come for the fourth.

Theseus, the son of the king, who had but lately returned to the court, heard the cries and lamentations made by the people as they learned upon whose children the lot had this time fallen. On being told the cause of the outcry, he offered to go himself that he might try to end this fearful sacrifice. In spite of the entreaties of his father, he insisted upon going. When they had reached Crete, Theseus protested in vain against the cruel deed. The king told him that to punish him for his audacity in daring to make any protest against his authority, he should be the first victim on the following morning.

But the king's daughter took pity on him, admiring him for his courage in speaking so bravely for himself and his companions. After all was quiet for the night, she aided him in getting out of the prison, restored his sword which had been taken from him, and offered him the chance to escape.

This he refused to do while the monster that was to devour his companions lived. Then she led him to the labyrinth in the midst of which was the Minotaur, and lest he should be unable to find his way back, she gave him one end of a silken cord while she held the other. He heard the roar of the monster, hungry for human blood, and guided by the sound, he found his way through the mazes of the labyrinth.

After a terrible battle with the monster he succeeded in killing him, and with the help of the princess, he aided his companions in making their way out of the prison and back to their ships. They set sail immediately, and in due time reached Athens in triumph.

ULYSSES AND HIS PENT UP TEMPESTS.

When Ulysses left Troy for his voyage home to Greece, after the Trojan war, in order that he might have calm, bright weather, Eolus, the ruler of the winds, gave him some very stout leather bags, in each of which was one of the tempests that visit that portion of the sea over which he must sail, at that season of the year.

All was well as far as the weather was concerned until one night when Ulysses, worn out with watching that they might avoid the other dangers that encompassed their way, lay down to rest. His sailors, seeing him fall into a deep sleep, seized the opportunity to examine the leather bags, which they supposed contained some of the Trojan booty.

No sooner had they opened the bags than from each leaped the hurricane that had been confined in it. Shaking themselves free, like some monster that has been confined in a space much too small for him, they whistled through the sails, lashed the sea into foam, and scattered the fleet in all directions. The ships were in great danger of destruction, and the men of drowning, for many hours, but the storm finally subsided somewhat, and the ship in which Ulysses was, found shelter near a small island, though they had been driven many miles out of their course. The other vessels were all destroyed, and the men were eaten by giants that lived upon an island near to which they were driven.

ULYSSES AND HIS MAGIC FLOWER.

As Ulysses and his companions were on their way back to Greece after the Trojan war, they were shipwrecked upon an island unknown to them, and were in danger of

starving to death. They saw a beautiful palace in the midst of the trees not far from where they were, but they were afraid to go to it in search of food lest they might encounter some terrible danger, similar to those they had already experienced.

Finally they divided the company into two divisions, and decided by lot which should go to try to get some food. The party to which Ulysses belonged remained upon the shore, while the other went up to the palace. Now, in the palace dwelt a beautiful woman who possessed the magic power of changing men into the lower animals which they in their nature most resembled.

As the party of shipwrecked sailors reached the gates, they were met by a crowd of lions, tigers, dogs, and wolves. These had formerly been men of brutal, ferocious natures. These sailors were more fond of eating and drinking than of anything else in the world, so after drinking of the magic potion given with the other food and drink that the mistress of the palace supplied with great liberality, they were changed into swine.

Their leader, suspecting some mischief, had not gone to the table with them, and when he saw what had happened to his companions, managed to make his escape, unharmed, from the palace. He hastened back to the party on the shore to report the occurrence. Ulysses, in spite of the entreaties of the others, immediately set out alone to go to their relief. He obtained from Mercury a magic flower whose fragrance, if frequently inhaled, would protect him from the magic arts of the beautiful woman in the palace. Arriving within the gates, he, by the aid of the fragrance of the flower, was able to resist the influence that tried to change him into a fox. He compelled the beautiful magician to restore his friends to

human form, and they took up their abode at the palace for the remainder of their stay upon the island.

PROSERPINA AND KING PLUTO.

One day Ceres left her little daughter Proserpina to play upon the sea-shore with the sea-nymphs, while she went to attend to her work in the ripening grain fields. The sea-nymphs made a beautiful chain of shells for her, and she, to return their kindness, went into the field to get them some flowers. She only meant to go a little ways, for her mother had asked her not to go far from home, but the flowers tempted her to go on and on still a little further to get a more beautiful blossom, until she was out of sight and hearing of the sea-nymphs.

At last she came to a plant more beautiful than all the rest, and she determined to pull it up and take it home to her mother. She began to tug at it; it was firmly fastened in the ground, and for a time resisted her efforts. Finally, it gave way and came up, leaving a great hole which grew larger and larger every minute, until it covered half the field and seemed to reach the middle of the earth,

Then out of it came four black horses, drawing a golden chariot in which was seated a man dressed like a king, and having on his head a jewelled crown. He spoke to Proserpina, and tried to coax her to get into his chariot and go home with him.

The little girl could not be persuaded to leave her mother, though he offered her the most beautiful play-things he could imagine.

At last he seized her, took her in his chariot and carried her off, screaming at the top of her voice for her

mother. They went faster than the wind for many miles, and in a short time reached the entrance to his underground palace, for Proserpina's captor was no other than King Pluto, monarch of the subterranean regions.

He was very kind to her, gave her the most beautiful things his kingdom afforded—diamonds and all other precious stones, gold, silver, and other precious metals—and tried in every way to make her contented. But it was all in vain; she refused even to eat until she should see her mother. Her mother, in the meantime, had searched the world over for her; in despair, she declared that nothing should grow until she had found her daughter. Mercury came to her assistance, and Pluto, in danger of starving, gave Proserpina back to her mother. After their joyful greeting, Ceres asked her daughter, anxiously, if she had eaten anything while in Pluto's dominions. "Nothing," answered Proserpina, "until just as the messenger came for me. I was then tasting a pomegranate, but it was so dried up that there was nothing left but six seeds." "Alas!" exclaimed the mother, "for each of those seeds you will have to go to the palace and remain six months." But Proserpina thought she could easily do that; she had found her mother, and, if she could live with her part of the time, she did not dislike King Pluto so much but that she would enjoy his beautiful palace for a time.

PRINCE JASON AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

About fifty young men of Greece, led by a hero named Jason, set off upon what is known as the Argonautic Expedition. Their object was the recovery of the Golden Fleece, which hung upon a tree in a sacred grove on a distant island.

This fleece of gold was so beautiful that it was greatly desired by all the neighboring kings, and it was so carefully guarded that no one could even attempt to take it without losing his life. After many adventures the fifty Argonauts landed upon the island, and Jason went to meet the King, and state his design. He had come to carry off the Golden Fleece, and when he reached Greece with it he was to have, as his own, his father's throne, which had been taken from him. The King listened in angry silence until Jason had finished, then told him what he would have to do in order to obtain the Golden Fleece. First, he must tame his two brazen bulls, each of which had in his stomach a furnace to keep up the fire which breathed out from his lungs, scorching to a cinder everything that came near him. After they were tamed, he must plow with them the sacred ground about the grove, and sow the dragon's teeth. From these armed men would spring whom he must conquer.

Then, worst of all, was the dreadful dragon, that lay twisted about the trunk of the tree upon which hung the Golden Fleece.

Jason, undismayed, started upon his dangerous project. As he left the palace, he met the King's daughter, who was much pleased with the handsome young prince, and she offered to assist him. She gave him an ointment that would protect his body from the flames breathed out by the bulls, and bade him not fear them. He started to meet them; they heard his steps and came rushing towards him, roaring and breathing out great sheets of flame. He caught each by a horn, and held them till they were tame, then hitched them to the plow. He plowed the sacred field, and sowed the dragon's teeth without difficulty, but soon the whole ground was covered

with armed men, who were rushing upon him with drawn swords. He threw a stone at the first in such a manner that it glanced off and hit the next who supposed his neighbor had thrown it. He fell upon him with his sword, and in a few minutes the whole company were fighting each other. Jason stood by and watched them till they had slain each other to the last man.

The princess then went with him to find the great prize. But first the terrible dragon must be overcome. This the princess accomplished by throwing down its huge throat, as it came to meet them, a box containing a powerful magic potion. The dragon immediately fell back as if dead. Jason seized the fleece, and made his way as fast as possible back to the ship where he had left his companions. They were pursued by the angry King, but escaped with their famous prize, and returned to Greece in safety.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

Damon and Pythias were two young men of Syracuse, who had sworn eternal friendship for each other. Pythias, for some trifling misdemeanor, had been condemned to death by Dionysius. His sister was to be married just before the time appointed for his execution, and he was very anxious to attend her wedding, as he knew his presence was necessary to complete her happiness. His friend Damon offered to remain in his stead; the tyrant consented on condition that if he was not back by the time appointed his friend must suffer in his place.

To this Damon readily agreed, and Pythias went to his home. After the marriage feast he put all his affairs in order, bade his friends adieu, and started back to the prison. A rain-storm came on, the streams were flooded,

bridges were destroyed, and delay after delay arose until he almost despaired of being able to save the life of his friend.

Damon waited with all confidence, replying to Dionysius' taunts by saying, "I know he will come if he still lives." The hour of the execution came, and yet no Pythias. Damon was led forth to the place of execution, but just as the ax was about to fall, a voice was heard, shouting, "Hold! I am coming!" and Pythias, breathless and dripping with perspiration, arrived upon the scene.

Dionysius was overwhelmed with surprise. He released Damon, pardoned Pythias, and begged that they would share with him their wonderful friendship.

SOLOMON'S WISDOM.

When the Queen of Sheba came to visit Solomon, among the beautiful things she brought with her were two bouquets, one of natural and the other of artificial flowers, so skillfully made that it was impossible to tell one from the other.

She stood before the King holding one in each hand, and asked him to tell her which were the ones made by nature. The wise King hesitated, so much alike were they, it seemed impossible to decide. In his perplexity he raised his eyes to the window, and saw a bee upon the lattice. Turning to an attendant he said, "Throw open the window, and admit some fresh air." The bee came in through the open window, flew straight to one of the bouquets, and buried itself unseen by any eyes save those of the Wise Man, in the lovely flowers. "The flowers in thy left hand, Oh Queen, are the ones fair nature has

formed; those in thy right, though beautiful, are the work of man." The astonished Queen murmured, "Truly, thy wisdom is wonderful."

CONFUCIUS.

Confucius lived about five hundred years before Christ, and is the most illustrious person of Chinese history. The following anecdote is told of him. When a boy at school, tired and discouraged with his work, he resolved to abandon the pursuit of knowledge, and devote himself to some other occupation. About the time he came to this conclusion, as he was returning from school one day, he saw an old woman rubbing an iron bar on a whetstone. Passing beside her, he asked what she was doing, and to his surprise learned that she had lost her knitting needle, and was going to replace it by rubbing down the iron bar. Filled with admiration of her perseverance, he exclaimed, "Shall this old woman have more resolution than I, within whose reach are the highest honors of the empire?"

He returned to his studies with renewed energy, and became one of the greatest sages of the world's history. His writings have been received almost as divine revelation by the Chinese, and probably no other uninspired man has exerted so great an influence for good.

CYRUS THE GREAT.

Cyrus was the grandson of Astyages, King of Media. About the time of his birth, Astyages dreamed that the child would live to conquer all Asia. In alarm he gave

him to an officer to be put to death, but the officer evaded the responsibility by commanding a herdsman to leave him upon a distant mountain top until he should die of exposure and starvation. The herdsman pitied the poor child, took him home and brought him up as his own son.

One day, Cyrus having been chosen King by his companions, punished very severely a boy-subject. The father of the boy complained of it to Astyages, who sent for Cyrus. When the boy came into the presence of the King, his noble features and bearing, and his equally noble words, proclaimed his royal birth. Astyages sent for the officer to whom he had given him, and learning the truth, he commanded that the son of the officer should be brought to the court as a companion for Cyrus, and that the father should attend a banquet at the palace. At this feast he was served with the roasted flesh of his own son. After he had eaten of it, Astyages offered him a basket in which were the head and limbs of his son, and he thus learned what had been his fate. Horrified as he was, he dared show no emotion, and on the King's asking him how he liked the meat he had had for dinner, replied, "What pleases the King pleases me." But his turn for revenge soon came. He roused Cyrus to revolt, and in the first battle he betrayed the Median army to the young prince. He afterwards became one of his most devoted friends.

CRÆSUS.

Cræsus, King of Lydia, was so rich that his name has become proverbial. He was captured by Cyrus the Great, and condemned to death. As he mounted the funeral pile he was heard to exclaim, "Solon! Solon!"

Cyrus, wondering, asked the reason of his calling upon the name of Solon. Cræsus replied that the famous Greek philosopher had once visited him, and making light of riches, said that no man should be considered happy until the manner of his death was known. Cyrus was so struck with the reply that he released the prisoner and made him his confidential friend.

DIOGENES.

Diogenes was a famous Greek philosopher, of the school called Cynics. His habits were austere and eccentric. He accustomed himself to endure great hardships, and manifested great contempt for the comforts of life, as well as for the customs of the world. He is said to have lived in a tub. He often reproved the people of Athens for their follies and vices, and was renowned for his witty and sarcastic sayings. He once received a visit from Alexander the Great, who inquired, "What can I do for you?" "Cease to stand between me and the sun," answered the cynic. Alexander was so much pleased with the answer that he said to those standing by, "If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes."

Plato defined man as a featherless biped. Diogenes plucked the feathers from a fowl, and holding it up, said, "Behold Plato's man!" He was once captured by the pirates, and when about to be sold as a slave those who came to buy asked him what he could do. "I can govern men, therefore, sell me to someone who needs a master," was the reply. He was purchased by a citizen of Corinth, who made him his children's tutor.

WILLIAN TELL.

About the time the Swiss Cantons had resolved upon obtaining their independence from the tyranny of the Austrian yoke, and their leaders had planned an uprising of the people, affairs were brought to a climax by the following incident. Gessler, the Austrian governor, to show his authority and humble the Swiss, ordered his hat to be set upon a pole in the market place, and commanded that all who passed by it should bow to it in reverence. William Tell, a prominent Swiss leader, refused to do this, and was immediately arrested and taken before Gessler. The tyrant had heard of Tell's wonderful skill as an archer, and anxious to see an exhibition of it, he ordered him to shoot an apple from the head of his son. The boy, summoned by an officer of the court, fearlessly stationed himself in the market-place, and encouraged him to shoot by reminding him of his wonderful feats with his bow and arrow. Tell at last summoned courage to draw his bow. The arrow, in its swift flight, carried with it the apple, and the boy was safe.

Gessler was about to release Tell, as he had promised to do if he was successful, when he noticed a second arrow partly concealed in his belt, and asked the purpose. "That," said Tell, "was for thee if I had killed my son." Regardless of his promise, the tyrant ordered that he should be taken to a prison on the other side of the lake. As they were crossing the lake, a violent storm arose, and the boatmen were unable to make any headway against the waves. Alarmed for their safety, Gessler ordered that Tell, who was also renowned for his skill in rowing, should be loosened from his chains, that he might row the boat to the shore. He skillfully brought the boat to the rocky shore, and before anyone could prevent, he

seized his bow and arrows, leaped ashore, and turning, shot Gessler through the heart.

Disappearing among the rocks, he joined his comrades, and gave the signal agreed upon for the uprising of the people. After a brief struggle, they gained their independence.

REGULUS.

Regulus was a famous general, who led the armies of Rome against the Carthaginians in one of the Punic wars.

He was taken prisoner, and carried to Carthage, and after a time sent back to Rome with proposals for peace.

Before leaving Carthage they made him swear to return if their conditions were rejected. When he arrived at the gates of the city, he refused to enter, saying that he was no longer a Roman citizen, but a Carthaginian slave. He stated to the officers sent to confer with him the terms of the proposed peace, but at the same time urged them most earnestly not to accept them, because he thought them unworthy of the dignity and honor of Rome.

By showing them the exhausted condition of the Carthaginian army, he at length induced them to reject the proposals for peace, and to decide upon continuing the war.

Then turning from his weeping wife and children, and without having visited his home, he went back to Carthage, and the death by torture that he knew awaited him there. The people, enraged at the failure of their scheme, cut off his eyelids and exposed him to the rays of a tropical sun, and then thrust him into a barrel studded with nails.

So perished this martyr, faithful to his promise and his country. His name lives as the personification of sincerity and patriotic devotion.

DEMOSTHENES.

Demosthenes was the most famous orator of ancient times. His father, who was a cutler and furniture maker, left his children, Demosthenes and a sister, an amount equivalent to \$15,000. This their guardians converted largely to their own use, and Demosthenes studied law that he might understand how to prosecute them for defrauding him and his sister of their property.

Admiring the oratory of one of the officers of the court, he resolved to give his whole attention to that study, though his health was feeble, his manners ungraceful, his breath short, and his voice stammering and indistinct. In order to overcome these defects in his speech, and to strengthen his voice, he practiced speaking with pebbles in his mouth, on the sea-shore, loud enough to be heard above its waves, and to overcome his awkwardness, he practised gesticulation before the mirror.

When he first appeared before a popular assembly, his only applause was the laughter of his audience, but not discouraged, he applied himself still more carefully to his study. He shaved one side of his head, that it might be impossible for him to go into society. When he again appeared as an orator he attained complete success. His most noted orations were those pronounced against Philip of Macedon, called Phillipics, and the oration entitled "On the Crown," by which the contest between him and his rival, Æschines, was closed in his favor.

SOCRATES.

Socrates, one of the greatest sages of the world's history, was homely, ungainly, and ill-dressed, and used to go wandering in his bare feet about the streets of Athens, incessantly asking and answering questions. He was a self-taught philosopher, and believed that he had a special mission from the gods. He discussed questions pertaining to life and morality, and taught the unity of God, the immortality of the soul, the beauty and necessity of virtue, and the responsibility of man. He believed implicitly in oracles, and frequently consulted them.

He was accused of introducing new divinities, of not worshiping the gods of the people, and of corrupting the minds of the youth, and was condemned to death. He was afforded ample opportunity for escape, but he refused all the entreaties of his friends, saying that he had always taught obedience to the laws, and that he did not wish to prove false to his own teaching.

He calmly drank the fatal cup of hemlock, bade farewell to his friends, and awaited the coming of death.

EMBALMING.

The art of embalming, as practiced by the ancient Egyptians, was a secret known only to the priests into whose charge it was given. After death the body was immediately taken to the embalmers, the friends spending the time of its absence in weeping and wailing, sitting unwashed and unshaved, in soiled and torn garments.

The embalmer removed the inner parts of the body, and cleansed them with palm wine and aromatic spices. They were then either returned to the body or buried in

a separate vase. The body was cleansed, and filled with a mixture of spices, and kept in a solution of nitre for forty days. It was then wrapped in linen bandages, smeared on the inside with gum. Many hundred yards of this bandage were used for a single body. A thick papyrus case was fitted, while damp, to the shape of the body. This was painted and otherwise ornamented upon the outside. After the process was completed, the mummy was taken home to await burial. It was sometimes kept for some time in the house, the family spending part of each day in weeping and mourning over it. It was sometimes brought from its closet to join in the festivities of the family.

When the time came for its burial it was carried to the banks of the sacred lake, and there tried. If no evil could be proved against it, it was rowed across the lake and buried; if accusations of having led an evil life were made, the friends were obliged to take it back to their home, and by gifts and devotions pacify the gods until they would permit the burial.

SPONGES.

The sponge of commerce is merely the frame work or external skeleton in which the real animal once lived. This single skeleton supports a whole colony of minute animals, that take their food from the currents of water flowing through their habitation, entering by one set of openings and coming out by another.

Sponges are obtained by diving, and by the use of cranes or long sticks. In the waters of the Mediterranean the former method is used; in the clear waters in the vicinity of the Bahamas, the latter.

The crane is a pole about three feet in length, with curved prongs at one end. It is used to detach the sponge from the rock to which it clings, and to convey it to the boat. The water is so clear that with the aid of a glass sponges can easily be distinguished from other forms of marine animal life at a depth of sixty feet. When first taken out, they are of a dirty brown color, and feel like pieces of raw, soft liver. They are then washed and dried repeatedly, until there remains only the fibrous skeleton. This is then thoroughly cleansed and made ready for sale.

THE SILK WORM.

The eggs of the silk worm are about as large as the head of a small pin, and are attached to the surface upon which they are laid by a gummy substance which becomes silky when hardened. The young caterpillar is of a yellowish gray color, and is about a quarter of an inch in length; it grows rapidly, changing its skin whenever it becomes too small.

Before each of these changes it seems to become sleepy and ceases to eat; the skin bursts near the head, and the caterpillar, by twisting and turning its body, thrusts off the skin backwards. It changes four or five times. The process seems to be a very trying one for the poor insect, many losing their lives while undergoing it.

The silk-producing organs are two large glands, one on either side of the body, that terminate in spinnarets in the mouth. When about to open its cocoon, it ceases to eat, and works industriously until the whole is finished. It first produces the loose fiber on the outside, and then

the finer threads on the inside of the cocoon. As it spins it moves its head from side to side, fastening in place the threads about the inside of the prison cell.

When finished the cocoon is about two inches shorter than the body, which coils up to accommodate itself to its cramped quarters, the whole cocoon not being larger than a pigeon's egg.

The perfect insect is of a whitish color, with a pale brown bar across the wings. They lay their eggs, and die in a very short time. The eggs are laid near the end of one summer, and hatched early in the next.

SILK.

When the cocoons of the silk worm are completed, which is known by the absence of sound within, they are sorted, and a sufficient number laid aside for next season. The others are placed in an oven hot enough to kill the chrysalis. This is done to prevent the insect from spoiling the silk by eating its way through the cocoon. The flossy outside covering is removed, and they are put into basins of water kept warm by steam, to soften the gum which holds the fibers together. When the ends are loosened, the operator takes from three to five, twists them together, and winds them upon a reel, watching carefully to keep the number uniform, as they are liable to break or one to run out before the others.

Each cocoon yields about 300 yards, and it takes 1,200 to 1,500 yards of the fiber to make 300 yards of the filament of raw silk.

The raw silk is made into hanks, and is ready for the process called *throwing*. The hanks are put into clean

soap and water, and carefully washed, then stretched upon swifts, and wound from them on the bobbins. These are taken to the cleaning machine, when the threads are made to pass through a small aperture, which is the gauge of the size of the thread, and which removes any remaining gum or other substance. It has then to be twisted, doubled and twisted again, and is then ready for the dyer and the weaver.

COTTON.

Cotton is a native of the tropical regions of Asia, Africa and North America, though its cultivation has been carried far into the temperate zones.

It is a small shrub, bearing three- to five-lobed leaves and rather large flowers, usually yellow, though sometimes partly or wholly purple. It is a perennial, but in cultivation the old plants are destroyed and new ones grown from the seed each year. The fruit is a three- to five-celled pod, which splits open when ripe; the seeds are numerous and are enveloped in the cotton, which spreads elastically from the pod when it opens. The plant is very delicate, and requires a peculiar climate and soil for its development.

The ground is prepared in winter by plowing and laying off in rows about four feet apart. The seeds are sown in furrows made with a small plow. The sowing begins in March, continues through April, and sometimes into May. The young plant makes its appearance in eight or ten days, blooms in the early part of June, and ripens in August and September. It thrives best while growing in a hot, moist atmosphere, with occasional showers. Too much rain producing wood at the expense

of cotton, and drouth causing a stunted growth. From the date of blooming until it is picked, warm, dry weather is most favorable. The cotton is picked by hand into bags or baskets suspended from the shoulders of the pickers. After picking it is spread out and dried, and then separated from the seeds, generally by the use of the cotton-gin.

TEA.

The tea of commerce is the dried leaves of an ever-green plant that grows chiefly in China and Japan. The shrub grows from five to six feet in length, and bears lanceolate leaves, two to six inches in length, and large white, fragrant flowers.

The difference in varieties of tea usually results from differences in time of picking and in preparation.

The tea-farms are mostly in the north of China, are of small size, and require close attention. They are generally situated upon the hillside, where the soil is deep and well drained. The first picking is made in April, when the young buds are swelling; this yields the finest varieties of tea. The ordinary picking begins in May, and there is still a third, later in the season.

The later gatherings are more bitter and woody, and yield less soluble matter when steeped. For green teas, the leaves as soon as gathered are roasted in pans for about five minutes, and are then placed upon a table and rolled with the hands. They are then thoroughly dried, and are ready for commerce.

For black teas they are exposed to the air before and after roasting, the difference in color and flavor seeming to result from the greater amount of oxygen absorbed.

RICE.

Rice is one of the most useful and extensively cultivated of all the grains. It forms the principal article of food for nearly one-third of the human race. It was originally a native of the East Indies, but is now cultivated wherever the climate will permit. It requires a warm, moist climate, rather subtropical than tropical, and having the moisture in the soil rather than in the air.

Rice is an annual, growing from two to six feet in height, and bearing the seed or grain on little separate stalks springing from the main stem. The whole plant, when the grain is ripe, looks very much like oats.

It is sown in rows in the bottom of trenches which are about eighteen inches apart; the trenches are then filled with water to the depth of several inches, until the seeds germinate. The water is then drawn off, but the fields are flooded after a time to destroy the weeds, and again when the grain is near ripening. Marshy soils are not as suitable for the cultivation of rice as those which can be flooded at certain seasons of the growing plant. In some parts of China two crops of rice are grown in one year.

FLAX.

Flax is an annual of quick growth, probably a native of Southern Europe. It grows from one to three feet high, bearing alternate leaves on the straight, slender stem and branches. The flowers are blue, about an inch in diameter, and they last but a few hours. The seed-pots have ten cells, each containing a reddish-brown flat oval seed, very smooth and glossy.

Flax is cultivated either for the seed, from which a valuable oil is made, or for the fiber of the bark from which linen is made.

The seed should be sown late in the spring. The plant requires careful culture, and matures in about three months. When it changes color after blooming, it is ready to pull. This should be done by hand, the whole plant being pulled up by the roots. After being pulled in this way, the plants are tied in bundles and set up in long shocks to dry. The seed is then threshed off with a flail, and the fiber is ready for a series of operations, the first of which is called *retting*. Its object is to destroy the glue which binds the fibers together. It consists in exposing the flax to the action of the dew and sunshine, or of water by keeping it submerged for a number of days. It is then ready for *breaking*, or drawing between wooden slots to break up the stalk without injuring the fiber. Next comes the *scutching*, by which the small particles of bark or stalk are removed. It is then *hatcheled* to free it from tangles and to straighten it. This process requires great care, and upon it depends to a great extent the value of the flax. It is then ready for the market, and appears in two forms—dressed flax, or the finer part of the fiber, or tow, the coarser part.

BREAD-FRUIT.

The bread-fruit tree is a native of Asia and the adjacent islands. It grows to a height of forty or fifty feet, and has large glossy, dark green leaves. The fruit is nearly spherical, is covered with rough rind, and weighs four or five pounds.

It is yellow and juicy when ripe, but is usually eaten before it reaches that stage of maturity. The usual practice is to gather it before it is fully ripe, cut it in slices, and bake it in the oven. It is then white and mealy, and resembles wheat bread.

Sometimes the people of a village join to make a huge oven in which several hundred bread fruits are baked at once. They will keep fresh for two or three weeks.

The tree produces several crops in a year. The timber is used for building, but is not durable. A sort of cloth is made from the inner bark, and a cement is made from the juice.

GINGER.

Ginger is a native of India and Southern China. The ginger of commerce is made from the root of the plant. This is dug when about a year old, and is scalded to prevent its sprouting. If it is dried at once, it constitutes the *black* ginger; if it is bleached first, it is called *white* ginger. That from Jamaica is most highly esteemed. Calcutta exports the largest amount. Canton supplies preserved ginger root, which is boiled and then cured with sugar. Ginger is used as a flavoring for food and for medicine.

GUNPOWDER.

Gunpowder was first used about 1350, and it is the oldest and most generally useful of all explosive agents. It is a mixture of potassium nitrate, carbon and sulphur; about 75 parts of the first, 13 of the second, and 12 of the third being used. The ingredients are finely pulverized, thoroughly mixed, compressed into cakes, granu-

lated, separated by sieves into kinds containing different sized grains, glazed, dried, and sifted to remove all dust.

In storage, special precautions against fire and water are necessary. A slight spark or a very high temperature causes an explosion, while the least moisture will spoil the gunpowder. By varying the number of parts of the ingredients used, either a slow-burning or a quick-burning explosion may be obtained.

The explosion is caused by the sudden conversion of a solid into a gas, and the heat evolved by the sudden chemical change. The pressure of exploding gunpowder has been estimated to be about forty tons to the square inch.

VENUS' FLY TRAP.

This very singular plant grows in moist, sandy soil, and is found in the southeastern part of North Carolina. The plant is a perennial, with a rosette of root leaves from the midst of which rises a scape about six inches in height, terminating in a corymb of white flowers. It derives its name from the irritability of its leaves.

The leaf-stalk bears at its extremity a round leaf whose margin is furnished with long bristly hairs. The surface of the leaf has also many of these hairs, so that an insect cannot cross the leaf without coming in contact with them. As soon as one of these hairs is touched, the sides of the leaf instantly close together, the bristles on the margin crossing each other so that there is no chance of escape for the luckless insect, which is retained until dead, macerated by a fluid secreted by the leaf, and the fluid absorbed by the plant.

It can hardly be doubted that the plant thus feeds upon the insects which it catches in this way.

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

This favorite among the birds is found in summer in all parts of the United States east of the Great Plains. Its brilliant colors—black and yellow—are those of the coat-of-arms of Lord Baltimore, from which fact it derives its name. It appears in the early spring-time, but only sings for about two months. Its song is of rare power and beauty, combining richness, pathos and variety in its notes.

The oriole displays great skill and ingenuity in making its nest. This is a sort of pouch or bag, suspended from an overhanging branch, and made by weaving into a sort of cloth or close fabric, the filaments of various flax-like plants.

The birds are very brave and courageous in defense of their young, exposing themselves to death rather than forsake them when in danger. If the young are taken prisoners, the old birds will follow, and feed them if allowed to do so. The oriole may be completely domesticated if taken from the nest when young, and it will make no attempt to escape, even if allowed full liberty. It feeds chiefly upon insects, many of which are highly injurious to vegetation, and is thus of immense service to the farmer.

THE BEAVER.

The beaver is a native of Europe, Asia and North America. Beavers were once very abundant in the United States, but have gradually disappeared as civilization has advanced. They are characterized by industry and sagacity, and by their skill in building dams and houses.

They have strong incisors, or cutting teeth, on which a sharp chisel edge is always preserved by the wearing away of the enamel on the back of the tooth, it being much softer there than in front. The body is about two feet long, and is covered with a fine soft fur, that, unfortunately for the beaver, is very valuable. The toes of the hind feet are webbed, and the tail is long, oval and flattened, and covered with horny scales.

They live upon bark, leaves, roots, and berries, and build their houses upon the banks of rivers or the shores of lakes. When the river is not deep enough, they build a dam across it of sticks, roots, stones and mud. To obtain material for this purpose, they cut down trees growing along the margin of the stream, and float them down to where they want to use them. They prefer small trees, but sometimes use those two or more inches in diameter, and they frequently build dams three hundred yards in length. Their houses are built of the same material, and are plastered on the outside with mud, which becomes very hard, and affords them a sufficient protection against their enemies. The door or opening into the house is always at a considerable depth under the water. Beavers are easily tamed, but cannot be kept in wooden cages, as they gnaw their way out in a very short time.

They are rapidly diminishing in number, on account of the exterminating warfare waged against them by hunters, who kill them for their fur.

THE ELEPHANT.

The elephant is the largest of existing quadrupeds. It is celebrated for its docility and sagacity. The elephant is the only living animal that has a proboscis, or trunk,

longer than the head. This trunk is a very remarkable organ, and presents a wonderful combination of flexibility and strength. It is four or five feet long, and has in it neither bone nor cartilage. Two tubes or canals, prolongations of the nostrils, extend throughout its whole length. It is capable of picking up a pin, or of tearing a tree out of the ground, roots and all. As an organ of touch it is exquisitely sensitive. It is used to convey food and drink into the mouth, but is used very rarely as a weapon of defense.

The tusks, which are prolongations of the canine teeth, sometimes measure nine feet in length, and weigh from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds. They are used as weapons of offense and defense. There are two distinct species, the Indian and the African. Of these, the former is the smaller, and has small ears and a concave forehead; the latter, large ears and a convex forehead. A large elephant weighs about seven thousand pounds. The skin is hard and thick, and has upon it only a few scattering hairs.

Elephants are found in all the southern countries of both Asia and Africa. They live in herds, sometimes one thousand or more in a herd, in forests or jungles. They are killed in Africa for their tusks, which are very valuable, and for their flesh, which is used for food. In Asia they are caught and tamed.

THE ELK.

The elk belongs to the deer family, and is a native of the northern parts of Europe and Asia. When fully grown, it is about six feet high, and weighs twelve hun-

dred pounds. It has a short, thick, compact body, long, stilt-like legs, a large, narrow head, about two feet long, and a short, thick neck. The antlers are flattened, displaying a broad blade with numerous snags on each horn. Its color is brownish black; it runs with great speed, and lives in marshy meadows and swampy forests, feeding upon lichens, leaves and branches of trees. Its flesh is used as food.

The American elk, commonly called the moose, very closely resembles its European cousin. It is hunted for its skin and flesh, when the deep snows of winter retard its swift flight. Though almost extinct, it is found occasionally in Maine, northern New York, and northwestward.

THE ERMINE.

The ermine is a carnivorous animal, nearly allied to the weasel, which it somewhat resembles. It is a native of the northern parts of Europe, Asia, and, perhaps, America. It lives upon mice, poultry, eggs, and young rabbits. Its body is about ten inches long; its color is a pale reddish brown on the upper part of the body, and white underneath. In winter the whole body is covered with white fur, slightly tinged with yellow, while the tip of the tail is always black.

The ermine of Siberia, Norway, and other cold countries, is one of the most valuable of furs. It is used for ladies' apparel and for the robes of kings, nobles and judges. Most of the so-called ermine fur of commerce is white rabbit fur, with spots of black inserted.

THE GIRAFFE.

The giraffe is a native of Africa, being found from the Cape of Good Hope almost to Egypt. It is sometimes called camelopard, from the fancied combination of the characteristics of the camel with those of the leopard.

It has extremely long legs, especially in front, thus giving a steep slope to the back. The body is short, the neck very long, the tongue extensile, bony, and covered with skin.

The giraffe feeds principally upon the leaves of trees, which its great height—sometimes eighteen feet—enables it to reach with ease.

It is gentle and inoffensive, but when it feels so disposed will kick dangerously. It runs awkwardly, and not at all swiftly. It is hunted for its skin, which makes good leather, and its flesh, which is used for food.

GIBRALTAR.

The Rock of Gibraltar, the southernmost promontory of Spain, is an insulated rock, connected with the main land only by a long, narrow, sandy strip of land. It, with its neighbor on the African shore, formed the famous Pillars of Hercules of the ancients, who believed them to be the western boundary of the earth.

The Rock of Gibraltar is 1,400 feet high, almost perpendicular on the south and east, sloping and accessible on the north and west. It contains many caves and caverns, one of which, St. Michael's Cave, is the one most frequently visited by strangers. Its entrance is on the west side of the rock, 1,100 feet above the sea: it is

200 feet long and 70 feet high, and is connected by tortuous passages with other similar halls.

The Rock of Gibraltar was formerly a Moorish stronghold, but is now held by the English, who have fortified it until it is considered impregnable. It has been besieged many times, but has each time been successfully defended.

GEYSERS.

What is known as the "Great Geyser," is situated about seventy miles from Reikjarik, near the volcano of Mount Hecla. On a low plateau, whose area is about half a square mile, a great many hot springs gush forth, as if there was a powerful subterranean river boiling underneath the surface. One of these—the Great Geyser—consists of a mound fifteen feet high, whose top contains a basin four feet deep and seventy-two feet in diameter. This basin is generally filled with boiling water, which, when the spring is quiet, makes its way through an aperture in the side of the basin, and runs off the plateau. Every four or five hours a subterranean noise is heard, like the rumble of a train of artillery over a pavement. The noise increases rapidly, the water in the basin boils violently, and jets of the boiling water are thrown several feet above the basin. About every thirty hours these eruptions become very violent. The rumbling becomes terrific thundering, the jets of water are thrown one hundred feet high, and so much vapor condenses that clouds are formed that shut in the horizon on all sides. All the water is thrown out of the basin, and it remains empty for several hours.

Some of the geysers of the Yellowstone Park throw jets of boiling water to the height of two hundred feet.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir Walter Raleigh was an English nobleman. He was deeply interested in American discoveries and explorations, and determined to found a colony, thinking it a better way of developing the resources of the New World than the plan then generally followed of sending out random expeditions in search of gold. His first attempt was made on Roanoke Island; the second, on Cheasepeake Bay. Both failed, and Raleigh, having spent a large amount of money, became discouraged, and transferred his patent to other parties. Raleigh was not only a man of dauntless courage, but was also handsome, talented, highly educated and accomplished.

Meeting Queen Elizabeth one day while she was walking, he spread his cloak over a muddy place in the path, that she might walk upon it instead of soiling her shoes. This act of gallantry, together with his handsome face and pleasing manner, won for him the Queen's favor. He was invited to her court, and remained a favorite during her lifetime. The colonists of Roanoke Island lived long enough in the new world to learn the use of tobacco and the potato, and on their return they introduced them into England. Several amusing stories are told of the first use of tobacco. Raleigh's servant entered his room one morning and found him smoking. He stood for a moment, looking in surprise at the cloud of smoke issuing from his master's mouth, then, after dashing in his face the cup of ale he carried in his hand, he turned and ran frantically downstairs, calling for aid to put out the fire before he should be burned to ashes.

Conversing one day with the Queen upon the singular properties of tobacco, he assured her that he could tell

the exact weight of smoke in any given amount consumed. The incredulous Queen dared him to a wager. He accepted it, carefully weighed his tobacco, smoked it, and then weighed the ashes. Stating the difference as the weight of the smoke, he claimed his wager. As she paid it, the Queen remarked that she had often heard of turning gold into smoke, but this was the first time she had known of anyone's turning smoke into gold.

Raleigh was accused by James I. of treason, was imprisoned for many years, and, at the age of sixty-five, executed. On the scaffold he asked for the axe, and feeling the edge, observed with a smile, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases." He then laid his head upon the block, and calmly awaited the fatal stroke.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Columbus was born in Genoa, Italy, in 1435. He was a sailor from early childhood, and from the study of maps and charts of other navigators, and his own observations, he became convinced that the earth was round, instead of flat, as was generally supposed, and that by sailing west a shorter route to India might be discovered. His opinions were received with derision by the people, and he was thought to be insane. He was too poor to fit out a squadron himself for the voyage of discovery, and for a long time he could not inspire any of the reigning monarchs with sufficient faith or belief in his new ideas to induce them to help him in his schemes. At last, Isabella of Spain furnished the desired aid, and a squadron of three small vessels was fitted out. Sailors were found with difficulty. They feared they would be

lost in the vast ocean they were about to be the first to explore. "Even if the world is round," said they, "if we sail down over the side, how shall we ever be able to come back?" They were rebellious almost to the point of mutiny during the entire voyage.

Land was discovered Oct. 12, 1492. Columbus took formal possession of it in the name of the King and Queen of Spain. He thought it to be an island lying near to the coast of India. He afterward made three other voyages, and discovered the continent of South America, but still thought it a part of Asia, and died ignorant of the grandeur of the discovery he had made.

After his first discovery he was received in Spain with every possible expression of joy in his great achievement, but his triumph was brief. The King and Queen believed the stories evil men told against him, sent out another governor to take his position, and had him brought home in chains. The whole nation was shocked at this indignity, and Ferdinand and Isabella were made to see in part the wrong they had done him. But, though they made many promises, they never restored him to his rights, and after a time they totally neglected him.

He died a grieved and disappointed old man, asking that his chains might be buried with him, as a memorial of Spanish ingratitude.

His body was first buried at Valladolid, and afterward taken to Sevilla. In 1536 the remains were taken to St. Domingo, Hayti. _____

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Webster was one of the greatest statesmen and orators of America. His educational advantages in his early youth were limited. He was sent, when about fourteen

years of age, to an academy, and though so bashful that after committing and rehearsing his piece time after time in his own room, he could not muster courage to rise from his seat and speak it before the school, he gave promise of so much ability that his father decided to send him to college. This was the height of his ambition, though he scarcely dared dream of realizing it. His father was a poor man with a large family to support, but he saw in his boy the talent that ought to be developed, so he willingly incurred the additional expense. And well was he repaid. Webster finished his collegiate course, entered his profession, and at once rose to eminence, placing himself first in the ranks of American orators.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

- 1 The breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed.
- 2 And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.
- 3 Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came;
 Not with the roll of stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame.
- 4 Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear;
 They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

- 5 Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard and the sea,
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free.
- 6 The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam,
 And the rocking pines of the forest waved:
 This was their welcome home.
- 7 There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim band—
 Why had they come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land?
- 8 There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth;
 There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.
- 9 What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
 They sought a faith's pure shrine!
- 10 Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod—
 They have left unstained what there they found,
 Freedom to worship God.
-

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

- 1 "Will you walk into my parlor?" said
 the Spider to the Fly,
 "'Tis the prettiest little parlor that
 ever you did spy.

The way into my parlor is up a
winding stair,
And I have many curious things
to show when you are there."
"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly," to ask
me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair
can ne'er come down again."

2 "I'm sure you must be weary, dear,
with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?"
said the Spider to the Fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around,
the sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll
snugly tuck you in!"
"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly," for I've
often heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep
upon your bed!"

3 Said the cunning Spider to the Fly:
"Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection I've always
felt for you?
I have within my pantry a store
of all that's nice.
I'm sure you're welcome—
will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly, "kind
sir, that cannot be.
I've heard what's in your pantry, and
I do not wish to see!"

- 4 "Sweet creature!" said the Spider,
 "You're witty and you're wise.
How handsome are your gauzy wings!
 how brilliant are your eyes!
I have a looking-glass upon my
 parlor shelf.
If you'll step in one moment, dear,
 you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
 "for what you're pleased to say,
And, bidding you good morning now,
 I'll call another day."
- 5 The Spider turned him round about,
 and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly Fly would
 soon come back again.
So he wove a subtle web in a
 little corner sly,
And set his table ready to dine
 upon the Fly.
Then came out to his door again,
 and merrily did sing:
"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with
 the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple,
 there's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
 but mine are dull as lead."
- 6 Alas, alas! how very soon this silly
 little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
 came slowly flitting by.

With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
 then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes
 and green and purple hue,
Thinking only of her crested head.
 Poor foolish thing! At last
Up! jumped the cunning Spider, and
 fiercely held her fast.

- 7 He dragged her up his winding stair
 into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor—but she
 ne'er came out again!
And now, dear little children, who
 may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray
 you, ne'er give heed.
Unto an evil counselor close heart
 and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale
 of the Spider and the Fly.
-

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

- 1 Under a spreading chestnut tree
 The village smithy stands,
The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

- 2 His hair is crisp and black and long,
 His face is like the tan,
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,
 He earns whate'er he can,
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.
- 3 Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow.
 You can hear him sling his heavy sledge,
 With measured beat and slow,
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell
 When the evening sun is low.
- 4 And children, coming home from school,
 Look in at the open door.
 They love to look at the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from the threshing floor.
- 5 He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys.
 He hears the parson pray and preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.
- 6 It sounds to him like her mother's voice
 Singing in Paradise!
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies.
 And, with his hard rough hand, he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

- 7 Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes.
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close.
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.
- 8 Thanks, thanks thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou has taught!
Thus, at the flaming forge of life,
Our fortunes must be wrought.
Thus, on its sounding anvil, shaped
Each burning deed and thought!
-

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

- 1 Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
2 The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled, by the hills of Maryland.
3 Round about them orchards sweep
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,
4 Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,
5 On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,
6 Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick Town.
7 Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

- 8 Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.
- 9 Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten.
- 10 Bravest of all in Frederick Town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down.
- 11 In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
- 12 Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
- 13 Under his slouched hat, left and right,
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.
- 14 "Halt!" The dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!" Out blazed the rifle blast.
- 15 It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner, with seam and gash.
- 16 Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.
- 17 She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
- 18 "Shoot, if you must, this gray old head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.
- 19 A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came.
- 20 The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.
- 21 "Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

- 22 All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet.
- 23 All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.
- 24 Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well.
- 25 And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.
- 26 Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.
- 27 Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall for her sake on Stonewall's bier.
- 28 Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of freedom and Union wave!
- 29 Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law.
- 30 And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick Town!

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

- 1 In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind,
But, watchworn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.
- 2 He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn,
While Memory stood sidewise, half-covered with
flowers,

- And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.
- 3 Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise:
How far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefather's blesses his eyes.
- 4 The jessamine clammers in flowers o'er the thatch,
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the wall.
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.
- 5 A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear,
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.
- 6 The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast.
Joy quickens his pulses—all hardships seem o'er,
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest:
"Oh, God! that hast blessed me. I ask for no more."
- 7 Ah, what is that flame which now burst on his eye?
Ah, what is that sound which now 'larums his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!
- 8 He springs from his hammock, he flies to the deck!
Amazement confronts him with images dire.
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck—
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!
- 9 Like mountains the billows tremendously swell.
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save.
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave!

- 10 O sailor-boy, woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss.
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright—
Thy parents' fond pressure and Love's honeyed kiss?
-

THE SONG OF STEAM.

- 1 Harness me down with your iron bands,
 Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
 As the tempest scorns a chain!
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
 For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
 And the pride of human power!
- 2 When I saw an army upon the land,
 A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
 Or waiting the wayward breeze.
When I marked the peasant fairly reel
 With the toil which he faintly bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
 Or tugged at the weary oar.
- 3 When I measured the panting courser's speed,
 The flight of the courier-dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
 Or the lines of impatient love,
I could not but think how the world would feel
 As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
 Or chained to the flying car!

- 4 Ha, ha, ha! they found me at last.
 They invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with a thunderblast,
 And laughed in my iron strength!
Oh, then ye saw a wondrous change
 On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
 Nor wait for wind or tide.
- 5 Hurrah, hurrah! the waters o'er,
 The mountain's steep decline,
Time, space, have yielded to my power,
 The world—the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
 Or those where his beams decline,
The giant streams of the queenly West,
 And the Orient floods divine.
- 6 The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
 To hear my strength rejoice!
And the monsters of the briny deep
 Cower, trembling, at my voice.
I carry the wealth of the lord of earth,
 The thoughts of his God-like mind.
The wind lags after my flying forth,
 The lightning is left behind.
- 7 In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
 My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun's decline,
 Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
 From the hidden cave below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
 With a crystal gush o'erflow.

- 8 I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
 In all the shops of trade.
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel,
 Where my arms of strength are made.
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
 I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print
 On every Saturday eve.
- 9 I've no muscles to weary, no flesh to decay,
 No bones to be laid on the "shelf;"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
 While I manage this world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands
 Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
 As the tempest scorns a chain.
-

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

- 1 I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.
From the center all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! when are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.
- 2 I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own!

The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see,
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

3 Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of the dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

4 Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word,
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford!
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard—
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

5 Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial, endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends—do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh, tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see!

6 How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself logs behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light!

When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there.
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair!

- 7 But the sea-fowl has gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair.
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place.
And mercy—encouraging thought!—
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.
-

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

- 1 Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April in seventy-five.
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.
- 2 He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the north church tower as a signal light.
One if by land, and two if by sea.
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm.

3 Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war,
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison-bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

4 Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

5 Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the quiet town,
And the moonlight, flowing over all.

6 Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,

The watchful night-wind as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, a secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead.
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.

7 Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth.
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral, and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes till, full on his sight,
A second lamp in the belfry burns.

8 A hurry of hoofs in the village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet,

That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the
The fate of a nation was riding that night, [light,
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

9 It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the river into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river-fog
That rises when the sun goes down.
It was one by the village clock
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weather-cock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare
Gazed at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

10 It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

11 You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,

Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields, to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

- 12 So through the night rode Paul Revere,
And so through the night went his cry of alarm,
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken, and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.
-

THE DAY IS DONE.

- 1 The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.
- 2 I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist.
- 3 A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

- 4 Come, read to me some poem,
 Some simple and heartfelt lay,
 That shall soothe this restless feeling,
 And banish the thoughts of day.
- 5 Not from the grand old masters,
 Not from the bards sublime,
 Whose distant footsteps echo
 Through the corridors of Time.
- 6 For, like strains of martial music,
 Their mighty thoughts suggest
 Life's endless toil and endeavor,
 And tonight I long for rest.
- 7 Read from some humbler poet,
 Whose songs gushed from his heart,
 As showers from the clouds of summer,
 Or tears from the eyelids start.
- 8 Who, through long days of labor,
 And nights devoid of ease,
 Still heard in his soul the music
 Of wonderful melodies.
- 9 Such songs have power to quiet
 The restless pulse of care,
 And come like the benediction
 That follows after prayer.
- 10 Then read from the treasured volume
 The poem of thy choice,
 And lend to the rhyme of the poet
 The beauty of thy voice.
- 11 And the night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares that invest the day
 Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

I Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all.
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below.
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant ledge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge.
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the pinks, nor the pale-sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

2 I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep.
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago.
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.
Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a sweet embrace,

As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face.

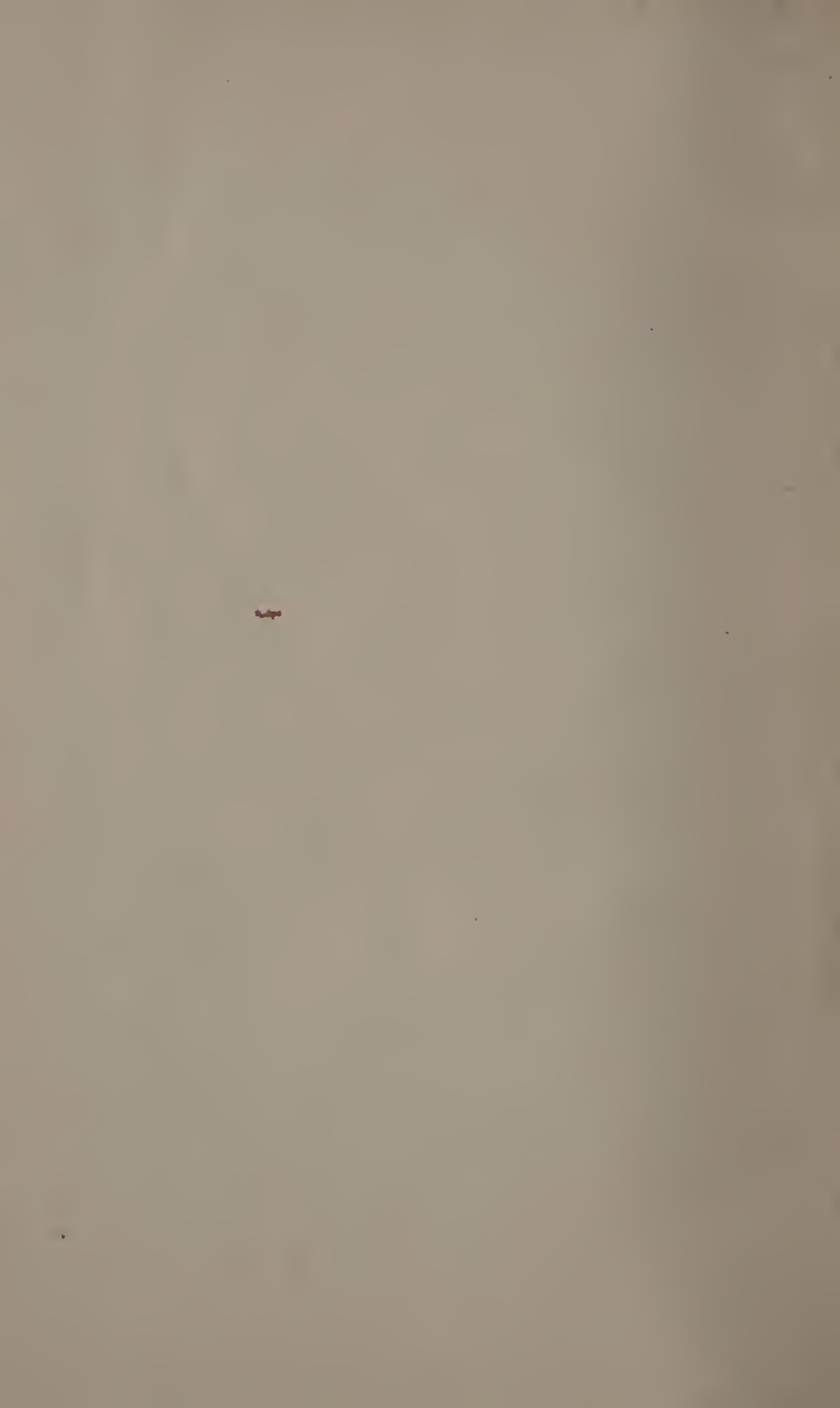
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.

Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

THE ISLE OF LONG AGO.

- 1 O, a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.
- 2 How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf, so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.
- 3 There's a magical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing.
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

- 4 And the name of that Isle is the Long Ago,
 And we bury our treasures there.
 There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow.
 There are heaps of dust—but we loved them so!
 There are trinkets and tresses of hair.
- 5 There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
 And a part of an infant's prayer.
 There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
 There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
 And the garments that she used to wear.
- 6 There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
 By the mirage is lifted in air,
 And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
 Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
 When the wind down the river is fair.
- 7 O, remembered for aye, be the blessed Isle,
 All the days of our life until night.
 When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
 And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
 May that "Greenwood" of soul be in sight!



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